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SIXPENCE.

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A GERMAN SHELL AS TOCSIN: GIVING THE "WARE-GAS" ALARM IN THE BRITISH TRENCHES TO WARN THE SOLDIERS TO PUT ON THEIR RESPIRATORS.

Everybody in the trenches is keenly on the alert at all times for the first indications of vapour rising in the direction of the German trenches whenever the wind is light and blowing from the enemy's quarters, and various devices are in use for giving an instant warning of coming poison gas to all in the vicinity. One of the most usual we see

here—an alarm-gong fashioned out of a used German shell-case which is suspended so as to sound clear and loud on being struck near the trench look-out post. Immediately the tale-telling clang is heard, officers and men fasten on their respirators and leave the dug-outs for the open trench, there to await developments.

SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE WESTERN THEATRE OF WAR. (COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

THE GREAT WAR.

By CHARLES LOWE.

THERE was some expectation that Waterloo Day might be celebrated by our Army in Flanders by some corresponding deed of arms. But the psychological—or at least the strategical—moment had not yet arrived for that, and so Sir John French contented himself, though more by mere coincidence than set design, by visiting the 3rd Cavalry Division and addressing it in terms of the highest eulogy upon its magnificent fighting in the trenches round Ypres during the last few weeks.

In returning his naval and military dignities to our Ambassador at Berlin on the first day of the war, the Emperor referred to the "feeling of his people respecting the action of Great Britain in joining with other nations against her old Allies of Waterloo"—which was a very sentimental consideration, and had nothing to do with the case; but in his address to his heroic troops of the 3rd Cavalry Division our Commander-in-Chief showed that, by their "dastardly" conduct in using poisonous gases and other barbarous methods of warfare, at which even old Blücher himself—with all his rough-and-ready methods, and his fierce threat to blow up the Pont de Jéna over the Seine if but Talleyrand would take his seat on the parapet—would have blushed blood-red for shame, the Germans have thrown sentimental considerations to the winds.

"Trench warfare," said Sir John, "was not the work of cavalry soldiers, nor were they trained for it, yet they had shown that they were as capable in one branch of the service as another." It is wonderful how the practice of war affects its theories. Sir John French is a horse-soldier by taste and training, and has always been a great believer in the "white weapon." General von Bernhardt, the author of "Germany and the Next War," had previously written a treatise on the *arme blanche*, of which an English edition appeared under the title "Cavalry in Future Wars," with an eloquent and forcible introduction from the pen of Sir John French, in which he pleaded, with Bernhardt, for the undiminished employment and usefulness of the mounted arm. Yet, in spite of the trench and siege warfare, it does not appear that our Commander-in-Chief despairs of throwing his cavalry proper into the scales.

In one of his despatches, descriptive of Neuve Chapelle, Sir John French recounted how he had ordered up the 2nd Cavalry Division "for immediate support in the event of the successes of the First Army opening up opportunities for its favourable employment"—opportunities, however, which failed to present themselves, "so that no further action by the cavalry was advisable." But it is fair to suppose that an opportunity of the expected kind would have offered itself if our infantry had succeeded in bending back and breaking the German lines, thus forming a gap through which an avalanche of our horsemen could have been hurled.

This is the opportunity for which our Commander-in-Chief has been clearly waiting for so long, and he does not yet despair of its coming to him, else why so many of his troops with spurs on their heels and sabres at their sides—British, Indian, and Colonial—who crowd his encampments, with horses in proportion? One never now hears of German cavalry at all: the redoubtable Uhlans have all faded away or been sent into the trenches; not even in Russia—which is the country *par excellence* for such a thing—do we hear of cavalry raids like those of the American Civil War. But Sir John French, continuing to believe (with Bernhardt) that cavalry will still have a prominent function in war—in spite of all its trench developments—probably thinks that this opportunity will at last come when, by means of our indomitable infantry and our unlimited supply of shells and machine-guns, we shall at last have got the enemy on the run.

Meanwhile, our progress in Flanders continues to be slow—"dooms" slow," like Dugald Dalgetty's promotion—just as it also is in the Gallipoli Peninsula, where our warfare has now, in turn, been reduced to the trench or siege standard by reason of the formidable character of the Turkish positions, which, strong by nature, have been rendered doubly so by military art. Favoured by these and other circumstances, the Ottomans are proving much more formidable foes than they were in the Balkan War, and they have evidently recovered much of the old Osman Pasha or Plevna touch. But, improving on Plevna, they have even, according to one correspondent, opposed to us several "small Gibraltar" of the type of Achi Baba.

In view of the tremendous conflicts of which the various theatres of war, from the Dardanelles to the Dniester and from Ostend to Belfort, are the sanguinary scenes, it is almost idle to refer to such undetermining incidents as a destructive French air-raid on Karlsruhe, and two more Zeppelin attacks on our own North-East Coast resulting in a larger number of casualties than ever before of the same kind. But the greatest casualty of all, in the realm of air-war, was the accidental death at Versailles of Lieutenant Warneford, our heroic Zeppelin-destroyer, whose enjoyment of his V.C. was as brief as the memory of his achievement will be long in the hearts of his admiring countrymen.

On the western front the fortune of war has again been of a fluctuating kind; but, on the whole, in favour of the Allies—especially the French, who have been asserting themselves in the most heroic manner, especially in the region of Lens, where, after long and persistent fighting they have gained some notable successes all leading up to the final plunge in and burst through.

Italy, too, is doing well—better than even was expected of her on her Trentino and Triestian frontiers; and the only black cloud over the Allied area of war has been looming up at Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, for which the Austro-Germans have been making a desperate push—under the eyes, it is said, of the Kaiser himself—and it is probable, according to all present omens, that before these lines are before the public eye the city, like Przemyśl before it, will have been recaptured. Lemberg has less value as a military bulwark than as an immense magazine of Russian stores, and unless its defence has been prolonged until these have been removed its loss will mean a serious setback to the Russians for several months—there is no use trying to disguise the fact.

LONDON: JUNE 22, 1915.

LETTERS OF SIR FREDERICK STEPHENSON.

THAT charming personality, the late Sir Frederick C. A. Stephenson, was just the sort of soldier and Englishman who might be expected to leave behind him a delightful collection of letters. It seems to be the peculiar gift of a certain type of British officer that his epistolary style, without being in any sense consciously literary, should yet approximate very near to literature. Mrs. Frank Pownall has therefore done a service which was only due to Sir Frederick's memory in preparing for the press his letters from the Crimea, from China, during the operations of 1857-1860, and from Egypt, during the campaign of 1883-1887. Sir Frederick's observations in the Crimea, in which as an ardent young officer he saw his first war service, read most curiously in the light of present events, and possibly this book may do as much as any contemporary work can do to help us to realise the relative scale of old and new war. Sir Frederick's rapid and intimate pictures of the Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol seem almost like battles of pigmies, and there is a sense of leisure in them and of long breathing-spaces that seems almost incredible to a generation which, although it knows as yet only in part, has at any rate become accustomed to a war of ceaseless strain. It is to the Crimean portion of "At Home and on the Battlefield" (John Murray) rather than to the Chinese or the still well-remembered Egyptian campaign that the reader will turn with the keenest sense of coming into touch with a war that may be held in some degree to parallel our feelings towards the present struggle. It is curiously significant, however, of the altered point of view that nowhere in Sir Frederick's letters home from the Crimea is the name of Florence Nightingale mentioned. It is suggested that this may have arisen from a certain military prejudice; but, later, Stephenson grew to appreciate her great work, and wrote about her with enthusiasm in a letter to Lady Wantage. Sir Frederick was one of the best-loved among the old soldiers of a generation whose ranks are now thin indeed. At the Tower, where he held his last command, he made himself complete master of the history and traditions of the place, and was adored by all associated with him in his work. It was his desire that he should have the simplest of burials, without any military ceremony, but the King overruled Sir Frederick's desires by ordering full uniform to be worn, and warders from the Tower and soldiers from distant regiments assembled to do him honour. Of him Lord Wolseley wrote: "A more devoted and gallant soldier, a more perfect gentleman or a better fellow never breathed." That is exactly the impression which is conveyed by these letters, and which proves them a fitting monument to the writer.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MR. AND MRS. PONSONBY," AT THE COMEDY.

RARELY have we had a more bewildering maze of fun submitted to us in the shape of farcical comedy than Mr. Walter Hackett's play entitled "Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby"; it was so ingenious, indeed, in its turns and twists and mystifications of plot that the one thing that nearly militated against its first-night success was its third act's being over-full of ingenuity. There were ever so many clever notions in it. Echegaray's idea, for instance, that gossip can force innocent folk into the very fault of which it accuses them was here turned to burlesque account. Then, again, you had a father believing evil of his daughter because she is of his stock, and arguing that she cannot resist hereditary dispositions towards naughtiness. Next, you had a sham victim of jealousy who uses his mock rages against his wife to get opportunities for frequenting another woman's society, suddenly turning pretence into reality and discovering, as he thinks, to his horror, that he has only too good reason to be jealous. If you can put all these ideas together you will have some inkling of the tangle which finally stowed up Mrs. Ponsonby drifting from her husband and the latter in desperate pursuit. Mr. Kenneth Douglas, never at a loss as the voluble husband; Miss Marion Lorne, so comically helpless as the wife; Mr. Sam Sothern as the rake for once wrongly suspected; and Mr. Fred Kerr in one of his neatest old-men studies, kept the pace brisk, and it was not their fault if the audience now and again got tripped up by the author's doublings and dodgings.

"THE ROAD TO RAEBURY," AT THE CRITERION.

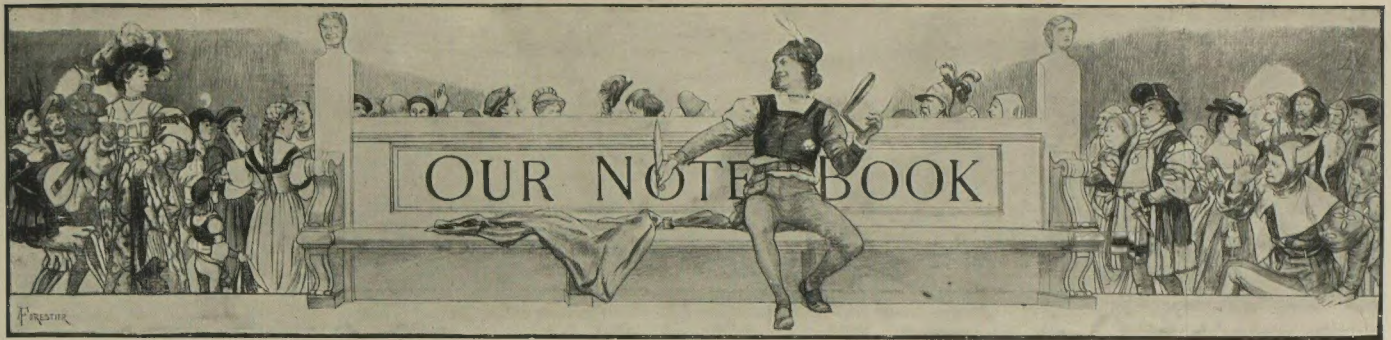
They are by now stock types to which Mr. Harold Brighouse invites our attention in his Criterion comedy, "The Road to Raebury." The lady of lineage who disdains wealth that is self-made; the aggressive parvenu who, for all his hectoring, succumbs to aristocratic elegance; his daughter, self-confident in her affluence, yet content with a flabby lover because he is well born; the go-between trying to reconcile the quarrels between the two houses—oh, what old familiar stage acquaintances they are, and what skill it requires to make the hackneyed formula serve! But Mr. Brighouse manages it; and, what is more, by dint of bright talk and ingenious turns, makes both story and characters thoroughly diverting. It is true he owes much to his interpreters, especially to Miss Irene Rooke and Mr. Milton Rosmer, who between them, the one by the surface sweetness and charm she lends to the *grande dame*, the other by a breezy air of masterfulness, almost persuade us of the possibility of their preposterous courtship. The programme is completed by what is rather too ambitiously styled "a Boccaccian comedy," and yet is full-flavoured and laughable enough not entirely to belie its mediaeval title of "The Devil among the Skins." With its naughty wife, and a monk not too mindful of his vows, and a venison pasty and a scene of a husband's neat vengeance, it makes a rollicking enough bit of farce, and the two players already mentioned and Messrs. Staveley and Ayrton frolic through it with obvious relish.

"MORE," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

"Odds and Ends" was good enough to capture the town, but Mr. Harry Grattan's new revue is even better. Fantastic, inconsequent, formless, and yet deliciously funny from first to last, it has the look of an improvised entertainment at which a number of talented artists go on to the stage in a go-as-you-please fashion and are expected to rely on their own resources for pleasing folk in front. Which is only an evidence of the librettist's cleverness, for if you have ever seen that sort of thing attempted even by "stars" of the first magnitude, without the straw to make their bricks, you will know what a fiasco is possible. In "More" you get the illusion and yet constant delight. What could be happier, for instance, than Mr. Grattan's burlesques of English and French revues, with "bathing belles" and stock comedians and child-wonders in the one case, and with Mlle. Delysia as the most fascinating of *commerces*, Mr. Morton as a droll *sergent-de-ville*, and Miss Betty Balfour exquisite as the precious Pettit Radis Rose?—though the American skit, with Mr. J. M. Campbell's comic tramp, Mr. Morris Harvey as stage Yankee, and Miss Iris Hoey as a musical-comedy prima, runs them close. Then, too, you will revel in the duel of sex which Miss Hoey and Mr. Harvey carry through in the matter of fixing a lunch menu and selecting a hat; you will admire the daintiness of the mid-Victorian episode which Mlle. Delysia and Mr. Morton mime so gracefully; and the climax of delight you will get in the dark scene in which you recognise the voices of a variety of famous actors and actresses, and discover you are being offered the *denier cri* in the way of imitations.

"OH! BE CAREFUL!" AT THE GARRICK.

"Mam'selle Tralala" it was; "Oh, Be Careful!" it has been re-named, and under either title it is one of the liveliest musical farces we have ever had in town. The story of the frisky middle-aged *chocolatier* who haunted night-clubs, and of the *cocotte* of a heroine, and of the lottery-ticket that brought about strange adventures, is still as provocative of laughter as ever; and the score can hold its own with any of its kind, German or non-German, in respect of rippling melody and whirling dance measures. And with Mr. Courtice Pounds showing his best form as the *chocolatier*, and sprightly Miss Yvonne Arnaud as glib as ever over the Tralala girl's fibbings and as engagingly Gallic as she cannot help being, not to mention the vivacity of the newest of *jeunes premiers*, Mr. Robert Blythe, and of that hearty *comédienne* Miss Polly Emery, he must be a melancholy soul who cannot put all his cares behind him at the Garrick, and forget that there are such things as bombs or respirators.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is the unconquerable and uncomfortable fact that men have souls; and one of its results is that during an armed crisis human events happen as they do in a poem or a play. The spirit of arts passes into the body of arms. There is a sort of awful appropriateness about the most accidental things men say and do. Men become symbolic, like statues; and when a man speaks it is as if the image of his city or republic had moved its marble lips. The things said by fighters and workers at the most abrupt and desperate moments are as historic and representative as the most ancient heraldic motto or the most careful diplomatic definition. When Danton and his friends were going to execution, one of them expressed regret that some poetry he had written had been left behind, and its authorship might be claimed by the police. Danton answered with a pun of appalling felicity: "Tais-toi, dans une semaine tu feras assez de vers." There is in that phrase all that France has of what is great and terrible: the exactitude of wit, the brutality of truth, the native air of irony, the audacity of the French armies, the realism of the French novels, the horror and the laughter and the scorn of death. And it is so with the spontaneous sayings of less logical and more poetical peoples. Hackneyed as the thing is, and hashed a hundred times by the coarse sentimentalism of journalists, let the reader say to himself and by himself (in the right mood and moment) the phrase "For England, home, and beauty," and he will feel how profoundly national it is. Gainsborough and Romney, the ladies and the landscapes soft with distance, even in war link up our little loves and the loveliness of earth. For what we call our private soldiers are indeed very private soldiers. And each marches to a very private tune, which is called "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

This startling symbolism can be seen, sadly enough, in the dazzling career of Lieutenant Warneford, which really has some of that stunning simplicity and unity which made the tragedy of Trafalgar. The last glimpse of the great aviator is typical. There is something of what is most beautiful in the English in his inability to speak French and his eagerness to do so. There is even more in the military art he had chosen, and the unique splendour of his achievement in it. I said on this page a week or two ago that an Englishman always thinks of war as a sort of personal experiment, like playing truant. The whole art of flying might have been invented to give opportunities for this special and insular style of valour. Mr. H. G. Wells, who may be called the prose poet of aviation, called one of his recent books "An Englishman Looks at the World." As I have observed elsewhere, Mr. Wells is singularly English, even to a certain isolation and even irresponsibility. There is a quaint truth in the suggestion that an Englishman looks best at the world from a sort of flying broomstick in the sky. In so English a hero as Warneford there is something at once lively and lonely.

For a good cause releases the nations. It does not merely deliver them from slavery at the end of the war; it delivers them from sameness at the beginning of it. A bad peace does indeed obliterate boundaries and bind all races in the bonds of imitation: imitation, which may be the sincerest, but is none the less the basest, flattery. But a good war (that is, a

war *ex justâ causâ*) gives every nation a chance to be national without being narrow. Thus the notion of being a "sportsman" had become even a little despicable during that kind of imperial pacificism which is only broken by petty colonial wars. But given the motive of chivalry and a challenge to the strong, the English idea of the "sportsman" becomes something really clean and young. Its very frivolity has something divine about it. The levity of the flying man becomes like the levitation of a saint. The word "sport" has a really noble meaning: it is not only sport to us and death to our enemies, but to

place. We do not grudge the numberless near shaves the aviator must have had before he had sharpened the weapon that slew the dragon of the sky. We admit—or rather, assume—that he must have died daily before he began to live that one wonderful week of life. If we can accept those small incessant risks as happening before the great fight, we can surely accept one of them as happening after.

And as it is with the element of sport, so it is with the element of science. The materialism which idolatrised scientific machinery was followed by a

natural, and on the whole healthy, reaction which cursed and condemned it. But, indeed, the mere denunciation of engineering or chemistry was as materialistic as the mere adoration of them. What matters is the motive and not the machine. The attempt to make science a sort of substitute for religion was simply ludicrous. A man said: "I can see no sense in anything; I hate the human race; I wish I was dead; but I am glad they have discovered the telephone: now I can ring up in the middle of the night and say something I don't value to somebody I don't like." This man was unintelligent. But it was even more unintelligent to blame the telephone because we had nothing to say in it that was worth saying. Similarly the hopes of physical research were silly hopes if they really meant that such a matter as aviation could make life worth living. Being stupid and wicked above the clouds is the same as being stupid and wicked under them: and there are clouds as well as stars in the very brain of man wherever he may go. If it is not the habit that makes the monk, still less is it the wings that make the angel. Yet the same innocent joy that is felt by a child in seeing "the wheels go round" may well be felt by an angel in seeing the worlds go round.



SUCCESSFULLY PRESIDING OVER THE DESTINIES OF BRITAIN'S LATEST PROTECTORATE THE POPULAR SULTAN OF EGYPT—A NEW AND STRIKING PORTRAIT.

The new régime in Egypt has proved a great success. The declaration of a British Protectorate on December 19 was followed the next day by the announcement that the Khedive, Abbas Hilmi, was deposed, and that the throne, with the title of Sultan of Egypt, had been accepted by his Highness Prince Hussein Kamel Pasha, nephew of the deposed Khedive, and the eldest living Prince of the family of Mehemet Ali. The new Sultan has long been regarded with affection and esteem by the Egyptians, whose welfare he has deeply at heart; and since his accession he has more than justified the hopes placed in him. The attempt upon his life in April, and the calm and dignified courage he showed on that occasion, only served to increase his popularity. (Photograph by Anglo Swiss Studio.)

our champion himself it was both sport and death. There need not, therefore, be any ugly grimace in our grief because the man died through a small mechanical mischance and not in the hour of glory. It is the very essence of this higher sport that the adventurer is always ready not only to die for great things, but to die for small ones. There is, and ought to be, in this kind of heroism a little of that boyish disproportion which has made many an Englishman break his neck on a summer holiday or drown himself for a picnic up the Thames. It would not do in the leaders of the lands of great armies, but it has its

natural gladness in the magic made by man. And in no symbol is this more apparent than in the great symbol of the battle in the air, of which this one life and death will be the central and the fruitful legend.

We have done right and the heavens have not fallen: rather, we have re-inherited the heavens of our fathers. We have passed the midnight of materialism when the heavens were only vacant. The sky is what it was of old: window of all the world and the entrance to immortality. *Sic itur ad astra.*

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THE FRENCH IN GALLIPOLI: HONOURING AN EXPLOIT AND BRAVE DEAD.



IN HONOUR OF A BRILLIANT *COUP-DE-MAIN* BY FRENCH AND SENEGALESE, AND OF A HEROIC FRENCH SERGEANT: A REVIEW OF THE 6TH COLONIAL REGIMENT BY GENERAL GOURAUD.

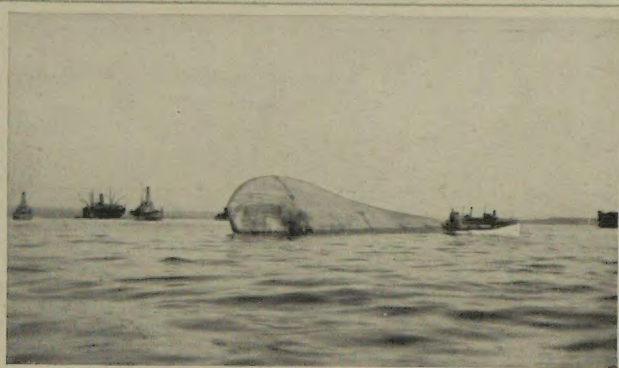


ONE OF FRANCE'S 20,000 FIGHTING PRIESTS, MOBILISED AS A STRETCHER-BEARER, CONDUCTING A FUNERAL SERVICE: HONOURING THE GALLANT DEAD IN GALLIPOLI.

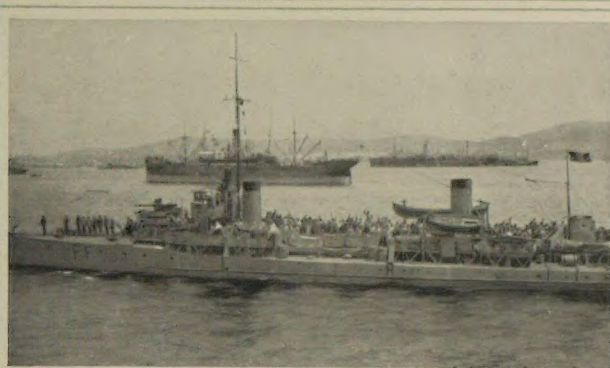
A daring French exploit in Gallipoli is commemorated by the upper photograph on this page, which shows a review of the 6th Colonial Regiment (French and Senegalese) by the French Commander-in-Chief, General Gouraud, on May 31. "The review," writes our correspondent, "was held in honour of Sergeant Resplendi, who was decorated with the Military Medal. On the night of May 28-29 he, with a volunteer section, half French and half Senegalese, captured and held a Turkish fort. This small company, with a Sub-Lieutenant, crept up a hill for two hours, threw themselves on the Turks holding the position, who fled. They then held the place till reinforcements arrived.

Resplendi, in charge of the fort, refused to be relieved or have his wound dressed, remaining at his post for thirty-six hours." He had been badly hit in the right shoulder. In making their *coup-de-main* the party had to creep on hands and knees in Indian file, and seize the fort without firing a shot.—With regard to the lower photograph, it has been stated that there are over 20,000 French priests on active service, the younger men in the ranks, the elder as stretcher-bearers and hospital orderlies. One anti-clerical General, it is said, selected priests for difficult ambulance work as being "steady under fire, indifferent to death, untiringly energetic, and unfailingly cheerful."

THE SINKING OF THE "MAJESTIC": A SEVEN-MINUTES' SEA TRAGEDY.



THE LAST OF A BRITISH BATTLE-SHIP: THE "MAJESTIC" SUNK OFF GALLIPOLI—WITH ONLY HER BOWS AND RAM SHOWING ABOVE WATER.



"NEARLY ALL THE OFFICERS AND MEN WERE SAVED": SURVIVORS OF THE "MAJESTIC," ON A FRENCH TORPEDO-BOAT AT MUDROS, ANSWERING CHEERS.



PHOTOGRAPHED AS SHE WAS HEELING OVER TO PORT ONE MINUTE AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF THE TORPEDO:
THE "MAJESTIC" SINKING OFF THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA.

As mentioned under the remarkable photograph, given on a double-page in this Number, of the sinking of the "Majestic" as seen from an aeroplane, the Admiralty reported the event on May 27 as follows: "An enemy submarine torpedoed and sank H.M.S. 'Majestic' (Captain H. F. G. Talbot) this morning while supporting the Army on Gallipoli Peninsula. Nearly all the officers and men were saved." We give here some photographs taken during and shortly after the disaster. A member of the French Dardanelles forces who witnessed it writes: "Suddenly, at 6.35 a.m. a huge column of water and smoke was seen to spout up close to the 'Majestic.' Immediately the ship

began to heel over to port. The continued heeling reached such an angle that the sailors who, stripped to the waist, were stoically awaiting the order to abandon ship, slid into the water, where they were rescued by boats, mine-sweepers, and destroyers which had hastened up from all sides. At 6.42 the battle-ship suddenly capsized. The star-board torpedo-net buckled up like a soft fishing-seine and imprisoned some unfortunate men who were keeping near the centre. The bottom of the hull, with the bilge-keels, appeared, oscillated three times—and all was over. The whole thing took seven minutes."

A BAYONET-CHARGE BY FRENCH ZOUAVES: A REMARKABLE BATTLEFIELD PHOTOGRAPH.

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FAMOUS FRENCH TROOPS WHO COUNT THE KING OF ITALY AS HONORARY CORPORAL OF ONE OF THEIR BATTALIONS: ZOUAVES CHARGING WITH THE BAYONET AGAINST GERMAN TRENCHES AT TOUVENT.

Hardly less remarkable, as a camera-feat, than the photographs (given elsewhere in this number) taken from an aeroplane at the Dardanelles, is this snapshot showing the actual charge of a section of Zouaves against German trenches on the plateau of Touvent, in the region between the Oise and the Aisne, near the farm of Quennevillers. An official French account of the incident says: "The men were without their haversacks, each having three days' rations in his bag, 250 cartridges, two hand-grenades, and a sack for earth which, hastily filled, would afford them a first shelter in the captured trenches when turned against the enemy. . . . At the hour appointed, the first companies moved out, their bayonets flashing in the sun. They had to traverse about 200 yards to the enemy's trenches, and they did it with alacrity. A remarkable photograph [that here reproduced] shows the *dan*

of one of these sections, on the left of the line. . . . The whole line could be seen advancing with one movement. The first wave overwhelmed the German trench. It may be noted in the photograph that almost all the men are carrying the motor 'goggles' which were distributed to them as a protection against blinding and asphyxiating gases. . . . The Zouaves passed the second line of German trenches and attacked the narrow ravine of Touvent." Subsequent German counter-attacks were repulsed. It was estimated that the enemy's total casualties amounted to 3000, and the French captured 20 machine-guns. One of the Zouave regiments engaged was that known as the Palestro, in which King Victor of Italy recently accepted the rank of corporal, thus following the example of his illustrious grandfather.

THE WARNEFORD TRAGEDY: THE WRECKED MACHINE; AND THE FUNERAL.



THE TRAGIC FALL OF FLIGHT SUB-LIEUT. WARNEFORD, V.C.: THE AEROPLANE AS IT LAY WRECKED ON THE EVENING OF THE DISASTER.

The photograph shows the wreck of the aeroplane by whose fall, while being tested on the flying-grounds near Paris, Flight Sub-Lieut. Warneford, V.C., met his untimely and universally mourned death. The fatal mishap took place at 4.30 in the afternoon of June 17, ten days after the young airman had won world-wide fame by bombing and

destroying a Zeppelin; and Mr. Warneford had as a passenger at the time Mr. Henry Beach Needham, a well-known American writer and journalist, who was also killed on the spot. The machine was 800 feet in the air when suddenly, for some reason that can never be known, it plunged headlong downwards.



THE BURIAL OF THE AIRMAN V.C. WHO DESTROYED A ZEPPELIN: LIFTING THE COFFIN OFF THE GUN-CARRIAGE AT THE GRAVE IN BROMPTON CEMETERY.

The body of the dead airman was brought back to London for burial. The train conveying it arrived at Victoria on the evening of Monday, June 21. The coffin, draped with the Union Jack, was placed on a gun-carriage, and on it was laid a floral tribute in the shape of an aeroplane. Drawn by twenty seamen of the Royal Naval Division,

it was taken to Brompton Cemetery and placed in the chapel. The funeral was on the afternoon of the following day, June 22, and was attended by 50,000 spectators. A detachment of some 150 men of the Royal Naval Division, including firing and bugle parties, marched to the cemetery.—[Photograph by Press Photo Agency]

CLOUD-MAKING TO ADVANCE: ANOTHER NEW WEAPON AT THE FRONT.

FACSIMILE SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE WESTERN THEATRE OF WAR.



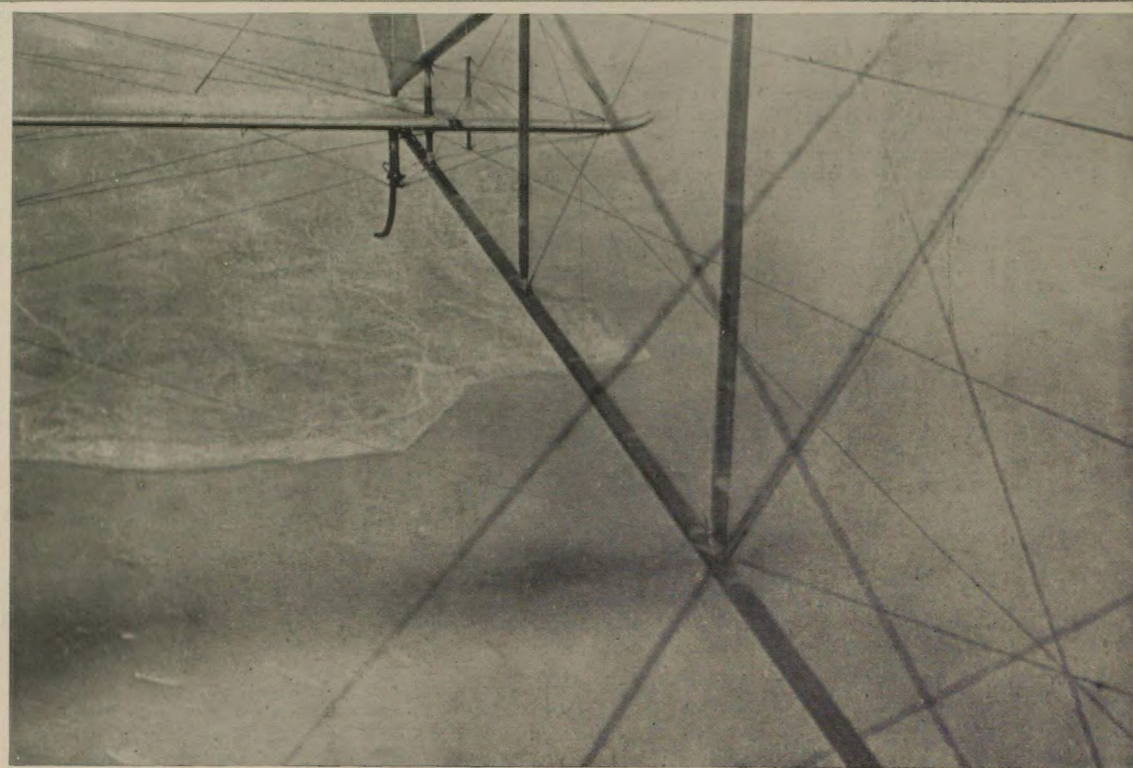
THROWING SMOKE-BOMBS TO MASK THE WIRE-CUTTERS FROM THE ENEMY: BRITISH FORCING THEIR WAY
TO THE GERMAN TRENCHES UNDER COVER OF GREY SMOKE.

Describing this sketch, Mr. Frederic Villiers writes: "Cutting wire entanglements and advancing against the enemy under cover of new smoke-bomb. The bombs are slung round the waist of the thrower. He has just thrown one and has another in his left hand. The bombs are made of stout cardboard, with fuse. They are thrown about

twenty yards in advance of the wire-cutting party. On explosion, they create a dense mass of grey smoke and hide the cutters from the enemy. The French are also using smoke-bombs to mask advances, and with excellent results, the smoke preventing the enemy seeing the numbers of their assailants.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE DARDANELLES AND GALLIPOLI SEEN FROM AN ALLIED AEROPLANE: REMARKABLE AND EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS.

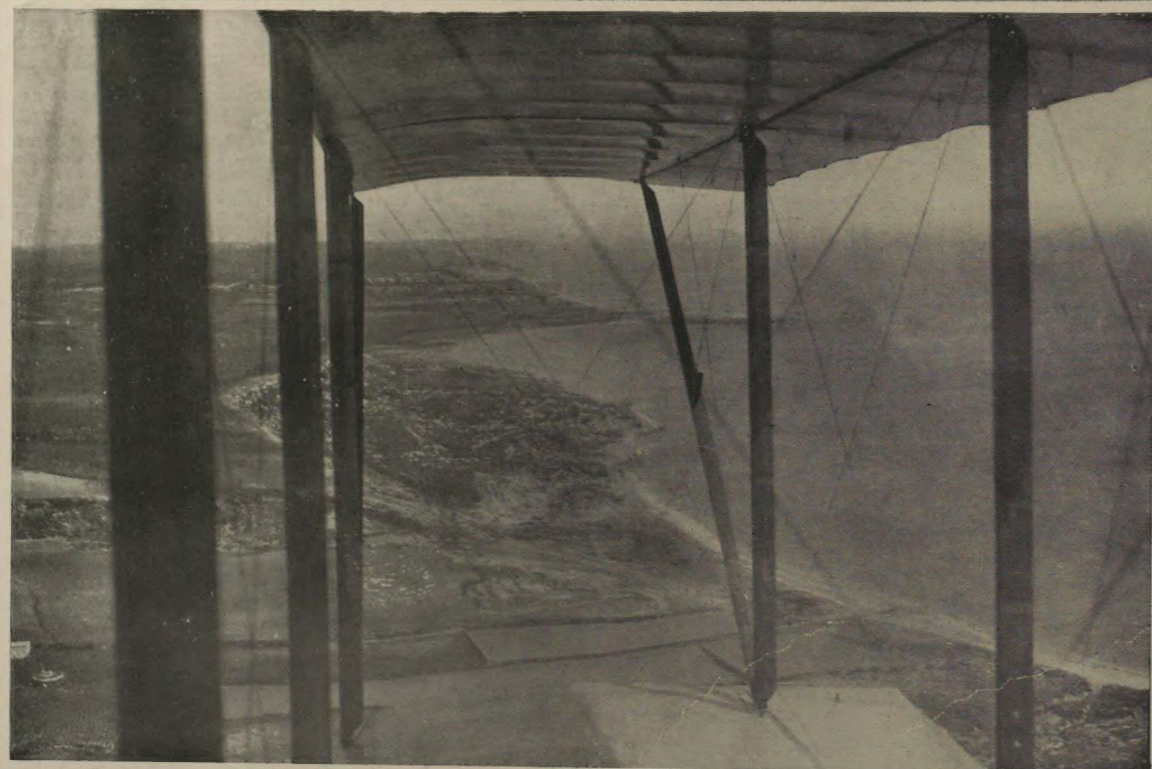
PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN ALLIED AIRMAN; COPYRIGHT BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A SCOUTING AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT: THE ALLIED FLEET IN THE DARDANELLES AS SEEN FROM THE AIR.



AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE AT A HEIGHT OF OVER 3000 FEET: A TURKISH TOWN IN GALLIPOLI—SHOWING THE OPPOSITE SHORE.



THE ASIATIC COAST OF THE DARDANELLES AS SEEN FROM A SCOUTING BIPLANE OF THE ALLIES: A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE AIR.



THE FRENCH AND BRITISH COMMANDERS IN GALLIPOLI: GENERAL RAUD (ON THE LEFT) AND SIR ALTON.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE "RIVER CLYDE" BEACHED AT SEDD-UL BAHR: THE ENTRANCE TO THE DARDANELLES, FROM AN ALLIED AEROPLANE.

These remarkable photographs, along with that showing the sinking of the "Majestic" reproduced on another double-page of this issue, were taken from an aeroplane belonging to the Allied forces at the Dardanelles. They are not only of the greatest interest in themselves, but they demonstrate unmistakably how valuable aeroplane reconnaissance must be to naval and military commanders. Photograph No. 5, it may be pointed out, shows the southern end of the Gallipoli Peninsula and the scene of the famous landing on "V" Beach between Cape Helles and Sedd-ul Bahr. In the left-hand corner, between parts of the aeroplane's framework, can be descried the transport "River Clyde," otherwise known as the "Horse of Troy," beached at the landing-place. A little to the right is the wrecked Castle of Sedd-ul Bahr, with the village behind, and just round the point are Morto Bay and De

lotts Battery. It will be noticed that rocks under water near shore are visible in the photograph, illustrating the well-known fact that the presence of submerged submarines can be discovered, under favourable weather conditions, by observation from aircraft. The last official news of the operations at the Dardanelles to hand at the moment of writing stated: "The situation in the Gallipoli Peninsula has developed into trench-warfare. After our success on the 4th inst, the Turks have evinced a great respect for our offensive, and by day and night they have to submit to captures of trenches. . . . The situation is favourable to our forces, but is necessarily slow on account of the difficulties of ground. The Turkish offensive has sensibly weakened."

GERMAN AND RUSSIAN STRATEGY.

By Col. F. N. MAUDE, C.B.

THE primary condition of success in the strategy on which the Germans have pinned their faith for the last half-century has been the systematic development of railways and roads for the purpose of assuring to themselves the power of concentrating and moving vast armies—over a million strong—with greater rapidity than their adversaries could employ. It was to this power (not to superior fighting qualities, as they have since frankly confessed) that they owed their victories over the French Imperial armies in 1870. Moreover, foreseeing, years before the rest of Europe, the waning value of permanent fortifications in face of the increasing efficiency of siege-artillery with high-explosive shells, they concentrated all the funds most countries would have spent on fortresses on the systematic development of communications of all natures, so as to be able to move their armies at will backwards or forwards, from east to west, or laterally, from one point to another on each particular frontier.

This was economically a sound policy, for in well-settled districts, railways and roads soon

Against this policy of retirement followed by counter-attack, von Hindenburg has, time and again, flung his bravest troops—nor have the Austrians been more fortunate in Bukovina and Galicia. But it is the essence of the whole position that it is politically impossible for the Germans to attempt any other method: the actual sequence of events sufficiently establishes my point.

Beginning with an irruption into the Bukovina, the Russians compelled Germany to send help to the amount of not less than four Army Corps to the Austrians; and these once committed to a fight from which it was almost impossible for the latter to disengage themselves, the Russians increased their pressure upon the central passes of the Carpathians to such a point that about the middle of April it became obvious that the whole of the plains of Hungary would be overrun, and even Vienna would be endangered, unless means could be found to arrest their further progress. The concentration about Cracow, and the blow against the Russian armies in the central Carpathians, was the one and only reply that the Germans could possibly make; and so urgent was the need of achieving a success sufficient to influence Italy, still hesitating as to whether to join the Great Alliance, that not only were ten Army Corps detached for the purpose, but with these were united a number of heavy siege-guns with ammunition in almost incredible quantities.

Supported by their Austrian allies on either flank, this vast phalanx literally blasted its way through the first of the Russian lines, which were undoubtedly taken by surprise, thanks to the magnitude of the effort made against them. But, in obedience to pre-arranged orders, the Muscovites succeeded in executing an orderly retreat, destroying most thoroughly every mile of track behind them—with such success that presently the pursuing Germans found their rate of progress reduced to between four and five miles a day, whilst the free to move at fifteen, and in the centre were daily gathering strength as they neared their own reserves and their resources.

The Germans are now in the same position relatively to their opponents as we were in South Africa in the days of our slow-moving convoys, but with this difference: that whereas we could always rely on overwhelming numbers, the advantage numerically is now largely on the side of the Russians, who, moreover, have fully proved themselves equally as good fighters as their enemy in every branch of the Army—horse, foot, and artillery.

Moreover, precisely the same

fate awaits the Germans in whatever direction they may renew their efforts. Indeed, the disparity grows to their detriment, as with the advance of summer the country everywhere affords firm going; and whereas the German rate of advance depends on the rate of reconstruction of



THE GREAT BATTLE IN GALICIA: A SIBERIAN INFANTRY REGIMENT RETURNING TO CAMP FROM THE TRENCHES.

The Siberian regiments are, in physique and training, the pick of the Russian Army. Their garrison stations are mostly in Eastern Siberia and on the Manchurian border, and are maintained practically at war-strength all the year round.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

create trade, and after a few years begin to work at a profit.

To Russia, in her relatively undeveloped condition, this policy was impossible. Hence long before the present war began, her General Staff had thought out a special system to neutralise the German advantage—adapting it to the peculiar climatic conditions of her frontiers, which ensure in every year two periods, autumn and spring, in which the country becomes an almost trackless sea of mud—only to be traversed by armies with exceeding difficulty.

Gaining contact with the enemy from the very outset through forces in sufficient numbers to threaten and at the same time conceal other concentrations well to the rear, Russia has systematically applied pressure to her enemy at many points with forces that compelled him to concentrate and attack. Thanks to their superior lateral railways, the Germans could always mass a sufficiency of men at any point of their choice to oblige the Russians to retire, breaking up in their retreat such roads and railways as might help the Germans, and thus eliminating by such retreat the one thing in which the latter were undeniably their superiors: for once out in the mud the two met on equal terms, and the Russian Staff from the first never doubted the superior fighting qualities of their own men over their antagonists, given that the latter were deprived of their superior facilities of supply. The loss of even a hundred miles of territory signified nothing at all to Russia, who had the whole of the rest of Europe and most of Asia to retire into if necessary; but every additional mile of road and hastily restored railway over which the Germans had to convey not only food, but the incredible weight of ammunition which nowadays is necessary, told with cumulative effect on their mobility and fighting efficiency, and thus threw open to the Russians chances which in every instance they have shown that they knew how to seize.



IN THE TRENCHES ON THE RUSSIAN BATTLE-FRONT IN GALICIA: RUSSIAN OFFICERS TAKING A VIEW OF THE ENEMY.

As in Northern France and Flanders, so in the fighting all over the Eastern theatre of operations, trench-warfare has had to be adopted by both combatants on every battlefield, in face of the deadly nature of modern arms of precision.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

the railways (which is practically unaffected by weather), the Russians will soon be able to manoeuvre freely across country in masses—precisely as the French under Napoleon traversed the same districts in the first stage of their campaign in 1812.

History shows that this policy of overweighting a field army with heavy siege-appliances has never been resorted to by any army until its confidence in the power of its own infantry to carry the enemy entrenchments, without more support than the normal complement of field artillery can afford, has been destroyed: then, once that stage of reliance on machines rather than on men has been reached, the end has always followed quickly.



WHERE THE FIGHTING IN GALICIA HAS BEEN CONTINUOUS FOR MONTHS: A STREET IN REPEATEDLY BOMBARDED GORLICE.

Gorlice is a town of some 6000 inhabitants, about twenty miles north of the Dukia and Tarnow passes through the Carpathians, and about sixty miles to the west of Przemyśl. Situated in a district over which the tide of battle has ebbed and flowed for months, hardly a house in the town remains more than a mere shell of tottering masonry.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

AN AVIATIK SHOT DOWN: A REMARKABLE EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPH.

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THREE SHRAPNEL SHELLS BURSTING ABOUT IT: AN ENEMY AEROPLANE BROUGHT DOWN BY FRENCH GUNS
WHILE ATTACKING A CAPTIVE BALLOON, NEAR NIEUPORT.

This very remarkable photograph shows a German Aviatik being shot down by French guns near Nieuport. The enemy aeroplane was attacking the French captive-balloon seen in the photograph, and was vol-planing when three French guns fired at it simul-

taneously: the three shrapnel shells are seen bursting. The photographer was perched on a post supporting a telephone-wire: part of this post and the wire are visible. The illustration, it need hardly be pointed out, is unique.

THE "MAJESTIC" SINKING—SEEN FROM THE AIR: A REMARKABLE AND EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY AN ALLIED AIRMAN AT THE DARDANELLES; COPYRIGHT BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



A NAVAL DISASTER PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME FROM AN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT: THE BRITISH BATTLE-SHIP "MAJESTIC" LYING KEEL UPWARDS JUST BEFORE SINKING. AFTER BEING TORPEDOED BY AN ENEMY SUBMARINE.

This unique photograph of the sinking of a great war-ship was taken from one of the aeroplanes of the Allied forces at the Dardanelles while flying at a height of several hundred feet above sea-level. The occasion was briefly announced by the Admiralty on May 27, as follows: "An enemy submarine torpedoed and sank H.M.S. 'Majestic' (Captain H. F. G. Talbot) this morning while supporting the Army on Gallipoli Peninsula. Nearly all the officers and men were saved." In the photograph, the sinking battle-ship may be seen on the right in the foreground lying keel upwards shortly before she finally disappeared beneath the water. A number of vessels of various kinds are seen in the vicinity. The end of the "Majestic" has been vividly described by a French soldier who shared in the work of saving the officers and crew, and whose account was published in the "Matin." "As soon as she was torpedoed by a German submarine," he writes, "she heeled over in an alarming fashion till she had a list of about 45 deg. to port. Everything on deck fell or slid with a tremendous din, and whatever was not fastened was precipitated into the sea. But there was not a single instant of panic. Four minutes after the explosion the 'Majestic' abandoned

her inclined position and turned completely over and went down. It was a terrible moment, but it was also sublime, when six hundred men, facing death, mute and strong, were thrown into the sea, covered and caught in the torpedo-nets which ensnared them like an immense cast-net among the gigantic eddies and the profound sobs of their dear, annihilated battle-ship. I shall never forget that infernal instant when submarines, aeroplanes, cannons, and quick-firing guns dealt death around me. And yet this vision only lasted the space of a flash of lightning, as we, too, looked death in the face, and in our ship's boats we took part in the finest rescue that the palette of an artist ever represented." The "Majestic" was launched at Portsmouth in 1894, and was the oldest battle-ship on the active list of the Navy. From 1910 until the war began she was out of commission. Her loss, which followed closely on that of the "Triumph," brought the number of British battle-ships sunk at the Dardanelles to five (the other three being the "Irresistible," "Ocean," and "Goliath"), besides the French battle-ship "Bouvet."

IN A GALICIAN "LAGOON": A SCENE OF THE GREAT RUSSO-GERMAN CONFLICT—BY OUR ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIANS.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIANS IN GALICIA.



WHERE THOUSANDS OF WILD DUCKS WERE DISTURBED BY FIRING NOT INTENDED FOR THEM: RUSSIAN TROOPS ENTRENCHED IN A MARSHY POSITION KNOWN AS "THE LAGOON,"
WHERE THE ENEMY'S SHELLS FELL SHORT.

Now that all eyes are turned towards the great struggle in Galicia, where the Russians are gallantly resisting an enormous Austro-German concentration, this drawing from the Eastern front, made from a sketch taken on the spot by our Special Artist with the Russians in Galicia, is of very great interest. In his notes to the sketch from which the drawing was made, Mr. Seppings-Wright mentions that the Russian position he has illustrated was behind a swampy region known as "The Lagoon," a series of small lakes and reedy swamps with a little river winding among them. Thousands of wild duck were disturbed by the firing. The birds rose in vast numbers at the noise of the firing. The enemy's shells, fired from the fringe of the distant woods, fell short of the Russian trenches, and splashed into the water. In the foreground of the drawing

are two Russian soldiers carrying water to the trenches. On the extreme left is an officer in an observation-pit using a hyposcope, and towards the right is another officer with field-glasses in a similar pit excavated from the back of the trenches. A Russian official *communiqué* of the 19th stated: "The enemy crossed the Dniester in great force, but his attempts to issue from the deep windings of the river were successfully repulsed." An official Russian summary of operations east of the Dniester Marshes said: "Between May 29 and June 15 we captured in one sector about 40,000 prisoners, 860 officers, well over 100 mitrailleuses, and over 24 guns. The total losses of the enemy during one month on a front of forty miles are between 120,000 and 150,000 men."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ITALY'S TIGER-SPRING TO SEIZE THE PASSES: "THE COVERING FORCE" OF OUR LATEST ALLY IN ACTION.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOSKOREK FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS PRIGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ITALY.



PULLING DOWN THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER POST: THE ITALIANS

With the outbreak of a tiger-spring, the Italian advanced guards made for the Austrian border immediately war was declared, and crossed it on both fronts. Northward they invaded the Trentino, as soon and thick the exit of the passes leading into the great plain of Lombardy; westward, they forced the passage of the Sesia River into Italy. The mode of advance, it may be stated, was in accord with Italy's long-established plan of campaign in case of an Austrian war, and the troops employed belonged to a specially constituted Army Corps best permanently in garrison in Northern Italy, and practically always at war-strength known as "The Covering Force," the raison d'être of which is to hold back an invader so as to give

CROSSING INTO THE ENEMY TERRITORY NEAR CORMONS.

time for the general mobilisation all over the country. The Alpine, regiments of mountaineers trained for fighting in the passes, numbering between 30,000 and 40,000, and the Bersaglieri, battalions of light infantry trained for service requiring special endurance, form the backbone of the Covering Force, with certain picked infantry regiments of the Northern gariboldi. They have done their best during the critical mobilisation weeks with unexpected dash and good fortune. Hereafterward the brunt of the fighting will fall on the active and reserve corps of the main army, great part of which have already reached the frontier.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

A RETURN TO ARMOUR: STEEL HELMET-CAPS ON KÉPIS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND ALFIERI.



IN THE NEW STEEL "HELMET": FRENCH INFANTRY IN THE TRENCHES WEARING THE METAL HEAD-COVERING, WHICH HAS ALREADY PROVED ITS VALUE.

It was announced from Paris a day or two ago that the French infantry were to be equipped with a light helmet of steel, to be used in conjunction with the képi in the field and protect the soldier's head to a certain extent against projectiles. At the same time it was stated that the new head-piece would be painted blue, to match the uniform; and would have, as device, a grenade for troops of the line, a hunting-horn for the chasseurs, and crossed guns for the artillery. Our photographs show French infantry in the new helmet. In the smaller photograph the steel cap is worn without the képi;

in the larger, it is worn over it. A "Lancet" correspondent writes: "Such wounds (in the head) have become very frequent, and represent 13.33 per cent. of all wounds. . . . Out of 55 soldiers hit in the head and treated by M. Devraigne, 42 were without such head-pieces, and 13 possessed one. Of the 42 soldiers without, 23 suffered fractures which for the most part were followed by death, and 19 presented wounds of the head and scalp. Of the soldiers belonging to the second group, 5 had simple superficial wounds or scratches or suffered no harm at all."

RUSSIA FACING "LIGHTNING"; AND RED CROSS WORK AMID FIRE.



AMID "FLASHES AND STABS OF FLAME LIKE IRREGULAR STREAKS OF LIGHTNING": A SUCCESSFUL RUSSIAN ATTACK AGAINST 'ODDS' IN GALICIA.

This is an incident typical of the dogged persistence of the Russians throughout the fighting in Galicia. The Austro-Germans were in force, occupying the ridge in the background of the drawing. From that vantage ground, they fired down on the attacking Russians with violent outbursts of musketry and artillery, "flashes and stabs of flame," which, as one of the Russian officers expressed it to our artist, "had all the appearance

of irregular streaks of lightning," so continuous and vivid was the incessant, fiery discharge along the crest at all points. Regardless of the tornado of shot and shell, the Russians doggedly held on, and eventually succeeded in thrusting the enemy back, forcing their way successfully right through an apparently impenetrable barrier of barbed-wire entanglements up to the main enemy position.

FACSIMILE SKETCH BY H. C. STIMPINS-WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIANS.



AFTER A BATTLE WITH THE AUSTRO-GERMAN INVADERS: POLISH PEASANTS ASSISTING RUSSIAN WOUNDED IN A BURNING VILLAGE.

The heroic fortitude displayed by the Polish peasantry amid the horrors of war has strongly appealed to the generous nature of the Russian soldier, whose sympathies have been further gained by the kindly solicitude that the cottage and village folk evinced everywhere for the Russian sick and wounded. Most of the Polish peasants who fled for hiding to the forests returned as soon as the earlier German invasion seemed to

have been beaten back, hoping, apparently, to be able to raise a scanty harvest on their war-ravaged fields, or to save something from the wreckage of their homes. Their patient and steadfast endurance when, during the later German irruption, their villages again became within the battlefield zone was only equalled by their self-sacrificing bravery in succouring and attending to the wounded.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARNETT, SPAIGHT, LAFAYETTE, STUART, LAMBERT WESTON, ELLIOTT AND FRY, VANDYK, GALT AND POLDEN, LONDON STEREOGRAPHIC CO., AND SARONY.



2ND LIEUT. R. N. COMPTON SMITH,
MANCHESTER REGT.



LIEUT. K. R. FOWLER,
ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.



2ND LIEUT. M. SPARTALI,
S. WALES BORDERERS.



2ND LT. R. SEYMOUR CORKRAN,
GRENADEER GUARDS.



CAPTAIN R. C. P. BLYTH,
GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGT.



CAPTAIN J. B. HARTLEY,
K.O. SCOTTISH BORDERERS.



CAPTAIN A. M. MCG. BELL,
ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS.



CAPTAIN C. W. B. BIRDWOOD,
1/5TH GURKHAS.



CAPTAIN D. H. DAVIDSON,
SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.



CAPTAIN WALTER D. BUSH,
WORCESTERSHIRE REGT.



MAJOR A. B. KING,
ARGYLL AND SUTH HIGHLANDERS.



LIEUT.-COL. J. W. JESSOP,
LINCOLNSHIRE REGT.



CAPTAIN JOHN CHAPMAN,
LEICESTERSHIRE REGT.



LT. G. A. GORDON MACKENZIE,
16TH CANADIAN SCOTTISH.



LIEUT. G. V. F. MONCKTON,
SCOTS GUARDS.



SUB-LIEUT. J. PITCAIRN ROBLEY,
NELSON BATT., R.N. DIVISION.



LIEUT. C. PILTER,
18TH HUSSARS.



2ND LT. CYRIL DOUGLAS HERRON,
2ND DRAGOON GUARDS.



LIEUT. CHARLES H. R. WEST,
MIDDLESEX REGT.



2ND LIEUT. C. WILLIAMS-WYNN,
COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

2nd Lieut. Roger Noel Compton Smith was the second son of Mr. Compton Smith, of the Inner Temple, and was a good all-round athlete. Lieut. R. Seymour Corkran was the son of Col. Seymour Corkran, and brother of Col. V. S. Corkran, C.V.O., Comptroller of the Household to Princess Henry of Battenberg, and now commanding the 1st Batt. Grenadier Guards at the front. Capt. R. C. P. Blyth was the son of the late Bishop in Jerusalem and the East. Capt. Duncan Hamlyn Davidson served in the Boer War, having received, through King Edward VII., a commission in the Seaforth Highlanders. He was the elder

son of Mr. Davidson, of Inchmarlo. Sub-Lieut. John Pitcairn Robley was the younger son of Mr. W. P. Robley, of Yewbank, Helensburgh, and a nephew of Mr. Bonar Law, Secretary of State for the Colonies. 2nd Lieut. Cyril Douglas Herron was the elder son of the late Capt. R. D. Herron, who was also of the Queen's Bays, and was killed in the South African War. Lieut. Charles H. R. West was the son of Mr. C. H. West, C.I.E., and Mrs. West, of Clan-Rye, Berkhamstead, who have received expressions of sympathy from the King and Queen, and from Lord Kitchener. 2nd Lieut. Francis Stuart Verschoye was the youngest

(Continued opposite.)

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, SPRAIGHT, LANGIER, AND DOVER STREET STUDIOS.



2ND LT. F. STUART VERSCHOYLE,
ROYAL ENGINEERS.



2ND LT. F. MARSHAM-TOWNSEND,
SCOTS GUARDS.



LIEUT. S. D. K. ROGERS,
ROYAL FUSILIERS.



2ND LIEUT. H. WILFRED HOLT,
ROYAL ENGINEERS.



CAPTAIN W. G. F. RENTON,
DRAGOON GUARDS.



CAPTAIN J. L. WOOD, D.S.O.,
18TH HUSSARS.



BREVET LIEUT.-COL. PHILIP C. L. ROUTLEDGE,
SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT.



CAPTAIN R. C. C. CAMPBELL,
K.O. SCOTTISH BORDERERS.



CAPTAIN S. H. F. MURIEL,
BORDER REGT.



LIEUT. ROBERT O. TOLLAST,
R.M.L.I.



MAJOR R. D. JOHNSON,
ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS.



LIEUT.-COMMANDER H. CLYDE EVANS,
NELSON BATT., R.N. DIVISION.



LIEUT. JOHN W. WOMERSLEY,
MANCHESTER REGT.



LIEUT. G. S. SHANNON,
DORSETSHIRE REGT.



LIEUT. COLIN PEAKE,
LEICESTERSHIRE YEOMANRY.



2ND LIEUT. G. S. R. J. BROWN,
ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS.



2ND LIEUT. L. REGINALD HUGHES,
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LIEUT. N. HEATH MILLER,
HOWE BATT., R.N. DIVISION.



2ND LIEUT. A. R. L. BELL,
ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS.



2ND LIEUT. ERIC G. HODGSON,
40TH PATHANS.

Continued.
son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. F. Verschoyle, of Woodley, Dundrum, Dublin. Lieut. S. D. K. Rogers was in the O.T.C. at Oxford, and was the B.N.C. coxswain in Eights. He was the only son of the late Capt. S. M. Rogers, R.A., of Swanage. Capt. W. G. F. Renton served in the South African War, was mentioned in despatches, and received the Queen's and King's medals, with two clasps. Capt. J. L. Wood, D.S.O., served in South Africa, where he was awarded the D.S.O. and also the Queen's medal, five clasps, and King's medal, two clasps. Brev. Lieut.-Col. Philip Charles Lytton Routledge was the fourth son of the late Mr. Edmund

Routledge, J.P., and Mrs. Routledge, of Coombe Lodge, Wimbledon, and had been mentioned in despatches. Capt. Sidney Herbert Foster Muriel was the only son of the Rev. William C. Muriel, Vicar of Fulham. For his services in the South African War he was mentioned in despatches and received the Queen's medal, four clasps, and the King's medal, two clasps. Captain Muriel was only thirty-seven, and was an officer of marked ability and very popular in his regiment. Lieut. G. S. Shannon was mentioned in despatches, and was awarded the Military Cross.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY

IN QUEST OF
THE BOOKOF SACRED
SCIENCE.SEEKING THE GOLDEN FLEECE, WHICH SUIDAS BELIEVED TO BE A ROLL OF
PAPYRUS ON WHICH WAS WRITTEN THE SECRET OF GOLD-MAKING: THE ARGONAUTS.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE WAR AND THE FARM-YARD.

IN any forecast of the probable consequences of war between France and Germany, it is highly improbable that anyone would have included the importation of large numbers of humped cattle from Africa; but it is said that the French Government has decided to import some 10,000 head of this breed, commonly known as the "zebu." This step is being taken to fill the gap caused by the removal of horses for military purposes, the humped cattle providing a most excellent substitute for draught purposes.

For many years the origin of the humped cattle defied solution, but there seems now to be little room for doubt but that this breed, of which there are numerous varieties, was derived from the Bantian (*Bos sondiacus*) of Burma and Java. The points of agreement between this animal and the humped cattle are many, and they are especially striking in regard to the shape of the horns, the general coloration, and the character of the "dewlap," or thin fold of skin which runs from the chin backwards along the throat to the breast. In all these points, as well as in many skeletal characters, these cattle differ from our own, which are derived from the now extinct aurochs.

explained, since the latter have proved themselves less tractable and far slower, and, furthermore,

immense horns, and the same is true of Abyssinia and Gallaland. These long-horned races seem to have made their way all over Africa. The trek-oxen of the Boers of the Transvaal were almost certainly derived from the long-horned, humped cattle of the Hottentots. The horns of some of the Bechuana breed measure $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet from tip to tip, and as much as 13 feet along the curve, while in girth they may measure as much as 30 inches.

Long-horned cattle of the humped race found their way into Europe at a very remote period, for in Spain they are represented on bronze bas-reliefs of the Celto-Iberian period, and it is probable that the famous long-horned cattle of Hungary and Transylvania date from a period no less remote.

The Spaniards introduced these cattle into South America, and apparently from this stock descended the celebrated Franqueiro cattle, which in the length of their horns surpass the African breeds.

The zebu is to be introduced into France to take the place of horses for draught purposes in

A LONG-HORNED INDIAN VARIETY: HUMPED OXEN
OF MYSORE.

RICH IN MILK AND EXCELLENT IN BEEF: INDIAN BUFFALO OF KATHIAWAR.

Naturally, the most striking feature of the typical zebu is its hump, which may attain a weight of as much as fifty pounds. In India this excrescence has long been famous as a table delicacy. Buffon long ago described it as "a piece of tender flesh, as good to eat as the tongue of an ox." But how it came into being is yet a mystery, for no wild cattle are similarly provided. In some breeds of this animal the hump is wanting.

In the matter of horns these animals present considerable differences, those in some races being very short, and in others excessively long, but they are in all cases directed upwards, wherein they differ from many of those of our own breeds, derived from the aurochs, in which they often grow downwards. Some of the zebus, again, have drooping ears, which are never met with in British cattle. In size, they range from pigmies not exceeding a yard high to giants standing six feet at the withers; but the pigmy races are confined to the Indian region.

Why the zebu races of cattle have attained such favour for draught purposes in countries abundantly supplied with cattle of the aurochs line of descent, is readily

they have softer feet. Hence it is that the Indian humped cattle have spread from India and the Malay countries all over the world.

They found their way into Africa at some infinitely remote period, as is shown by the fact that the ancient Egyptians possessed cattle of this strain, though they had lost the hump. Cattle closely resembling those of ancient Egypt are possessed to-day by the Bagara tribes of the Berbera district of Nubia, as well as by the Shilluks and Dinkas of the White Nile, but they differ from the Pharaonic cattle

in the huge size of their horns. The cattle of the Nuer tribe are enormous animals with

agricultural districts, apparently because they are both more tractable than other breeds and more active than other breeds.



A SHORT-HORNED INDIAN VARIETY: HUMPED OXEN OF MYSORE.

A TYPE OF DRAUGHT-ANIMAL RECENTLY IMPORTED INTO FRANCE FROM
AFRICA TO REPLACE HORSES TAKEN FOR WAR: A ZEBU, OR HUMPED OX,
OF MYSORE.

This being so, we may well witness a similar introduction into this country. In the peninsula portion of India these animals are the most common beasts of draught for both fast and slow traffic. But in many parts of the plains of India a very different animal is used for draught purposes. This is the domesticated or half-domesticated buffalo, or Arna. In Central India great herds are kept, as by the Todas, for the sake of their milk, which is far richer than that of any other cattle.

This buffalo was also introduced into Italy and Hungary and the *landes* of Gascony more than a thousand years ago. Some years ago this animal was introduced into Australia, and large herds are now kept in Melville Island, near Port Darwin. Since they furnish most excellent beef, much superior in nutritive qualities to that of ox-beef, they are highly prized. But why in this case these animals are not more widely used is something of a mystery. W. P. PYCRAFT.

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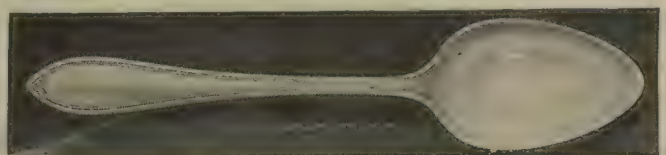
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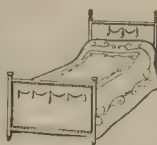
JULY LINEN SALE.

Owing to the War, scarcity of Flax, and increased cost of production, all kinds of linen goods are advancing in price. Our July Sale presents an opportunity of filling up household linen requirements at prices that cannot last much longer. It will pay to write for our Sale Linen List, as many of the items quoted cannot be repeated afterwards.



TABLE LINEN.

Fine Irish Double Damask Table-cloth (No. 377G). Hand-woven; pattern, Fleur-de-Lys; Satin Stripe Centre, 2 x 2 yards, 22/11; 2 x 2 1/2 yards, 28/6; 2 x 3 yards, 34/3; 2 1/2 x 3 yards, 40/-; 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 yards, 57/6 each. Dinner Napkins to match, 55/- doz. Fine Irish Double Damask Table-cloth (No. 184G). Pattern, Hydrangea; 2 x 3 yards, 15/6; 2 x 2 1/2 yards, 19/6; 2 x 3 yards, 23/3; 2 1/2 x 3 yards, 30/9; 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 yards, 36/- each. Dinner Napkins to match, 26/9 per dozen.



BED LINEN.

Fine Irish Linen Sheets, 2 x 3 yards, 13/11; 20/3; 22/11; 2 x 3 1/2 yards, 16/6; 24/3; 27/11; 2 1/2 x 3 yards, 19/9; 26/9; 29/9; 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 yards, 22/10; 30/9; 34/6 per pair. Linen Pillow Cases, 20 x 30 inches, 16/9; 21/11; 22 x 32 inches, 19/9; 24/6; 27 x 27 inches, 21/3; 25/3 per dozen. Linen Bolsters: Cases, 17 x 5 1/2 inches, 27/-; 19 x 6 1/2 inches, 30/6 per doz n. Hand-Embroidered Linen Bedspreads, 2 1/2 x 3 yards, 18/6; 23/6 each.



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No. M4, Ladies' pure linen, hemstitched Handkerchiefs, about 12 1/2 ins. with 3/16-inch hem, 3/- doz n. No. M21, Ladies' Fine Linen hand-embroidered Monogram Handkerchiefs, about 13 inches, with 3/16-inch hem. Can be had in any two-letter combination, 6/8 doz n. No. M10, Gentlemen's pure linen, hemstitched Handkerchiefs, about 18 1/2 inches, with 1/4-inch hem, 5/3 doz n.



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Hemstitched Linen Huck-Towels, our own make, 24 x 41 inches, 24/9; 25 x 42 inches, 26/9 doz. Hemmed Huck-Towels, 20 x 40 in., 8/11; 12 1/2 doz. Hemstitched Huck-Towels, 18 x 38 inches, 8/9; 24 x 42 in., 15/6 doz. Kitchen Towels, lettered in border, "Kitchen," "Pantry," or "Housemaid," 8/6, 9/6 doz n. Glass Towels, 5/11, 7/6 and 8/6 per dozen.



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NEW NOVELS.

"The Gillingham Rubies." A detective story should always have a jaunty air, perhaps because of the French origin of most detective stories.

Your detective should be a bit of a wag with his wisdom, and the author should never forget the eternal joke that property exists at all for a race which brings nothing into the world and carries nothing out. On this principle, we think, Mr. Edgar Watson set to work to write "The Gillingham Rubies" (Hutchinson), and the measure of his soundness is the success he has undoubtedly achieved. The decadent aristocrats are rather stale—we venture humbly to suggest that a decadent "crook" would have given a more piquant relish to the yarn—but Kitty Meredith and Alsalam Gomme, the tectotal millionaire-sleuth, are the fine fruits of a generous imagination. The battle of wits (this is another of Mr. Jepson's capital ideas) takes place between the principals of the story, and not between the author and his readers—a relief for which we are properly thankful. We can recommend "The Gillingham Rubies" for holiday reading. If Messrs. Hutchinson could see their way to putting it, and other books of its kind, into paper wrappers, we believe they would find a ready sale among those who search the bookshops for light entertainment to send to the men at sea and in the fighting line.

"Mrs. Barnet—Robes." The sincerity of Mrs. C. S. Peel's writing

goes a long way towards throwing an air of probability over the doubtful situations in "Mrs. Barnet—Robes" (The Bodley Head). She has a theory, and works it out, as the ingenious novelist can, by a very pretty piece of special pleading. The man who deserted the girl who loved him truly, and later married a passionless woman of his own class, is, naturally, as unhappy as he deserves to be; but when Mrs. Peel emphasises the neurotic temperament of his legitimate daughter and contrasts it with the healthy, joyous disposition of the "love-child," we feel she is raising a highly debatable question. Marriages for love, in the strict English definition, only take place in a small corner

of this marrying planet; and we have yet to learn that the offspring of the vast majority of unions are more hysterical and ill-balanced than those of the minority who mate, not by family arrangement or the disposition of their elders, but by the light of their youthful preferences. The truth appears to be that Mrs. Selincourt was one of those abnormal women who never should marry, in any circumstances; while the deserted first love was the ideal companion for the journey of life. We like Mrs. Peel's book, and we have a warm regard for "Mrs. Barnet," even though her history tempts us to argument.



A MECCA FOR THE AILING: THE OLD SULPHUR WELL AT HARROGATE.

Since the medicinal value of its waters and the charm of its natural surroundings were discovered by Sir William Slingsby, more than three centuries ago, Harrogate has been the Mecca of the ailing, and, for many years past, the playground of the robust. "Try Harrogate" is a prescription as pleasant as it is frequent, and now that Continental Spas are unavailable, its famous sulphur springs and other medicinal waters, and its comprehensive system of more than seventy different treatments administered at the Royal Baths, will be widely appreciated. There is, too, a capital supply of entertainments, including a fine Opera House, a spacious theatre, open-air concerts, and so on, while three golf courses and facilities for fishing, cricket, tennis, bowls, and other amusements appeal to those who love the open air. This year the season at this delightful Yorkshire Spa is likely to be exceptionally brilliant, and the illustrated handbook issued by the Corporation should be written for to Mr. F. J. C. Broome, General Manager, Harrogate Spa.

"Mr. Washington." To winnow a new novel out of the threshed and sifted grain of George Washington's life might have daunted a less courageous writer than Miss Marjorie Bowen. One of her secrets is the staunchness with which she cleaves to authority. We

remember her careful use of Sismondi in an early work, and we find her, in "Mr. Washington" (Methuen), no less faithful to the standard historians, albeit those of a Whiggish tinge—who are, to be sure, in the vast majority. The pictures of the young Washington's courtship, of his first brush with British officialdom, and of his connection with the ill-fated Braddock are excellent in their neat decision and colonial colouring. Miss Bowen skirts the edge of Martha Custis, being, perhaps, less convincing in her handling of the lady than in any other character-study in the book. There is not a great deal of glowing romance to be extracted from Mrs. Washington, and a discreet writer retires from her sober proximity to the livelier airs of Hortense de Beaujeu and the tragedy of Benedict Arnold. We are taken to the Delaware and Trenton, and on past Brandywine and Germantown to the turn of the tide and the surrender of Yorktown, but the President is left in the future. Miss Bowen's English, though not yet distinguished, has sensibly improved, and her grasp of her subject and her clarity of vision give her a high place among contemporary novelists.

"The Valley of Fear." Sherlock Holmes is such pleasant company that we

resent his abrupt disappearance in the middle of "The Valley of Fear" (Smith Elder), although we admire Sir A. Conan Doyle's clever use of a difficult method. It is not the precipice (was it not a precipice?) this time; it is that we are switched back a quarter of a century at the end of Part I, into affairs before the days of the great amateur. Sherlock Holmes elucidates the mysterious murder with which the story opens; but the cause of the murder is left to be explained by the strange history of the Valley of Fear in the lawless 'seventies in Western America. Let no one imagine that thrills are ended when the Birlstone tragedy comes to an end. The thrills are only beginning. Follows the adventure of Jack McMurdo in the Vermillion Valley, with terrorism and murder galore. It only remains to be said that Sir A. Conan Doyle's brain has not lost its ingenuity in the invention of lively literature. There is no fear that "The Valley of Fear" will not jump at once into a popular success.



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LADIES' PAGE.

THE great annual festival, Commemoration, at Eton this June brought vividly home to us the splendid response that has been made by young men of "the classes" to the call of the Motherland. The Eton roll of past scholars now serving in the King's forces is over 2,000 strong, and already some 400 of those old Etonians have suffered or died in the great war, while four have obtained the Victoria Cross, and many others decoration or mention in despatches. So many of the lads still at school, moreover, belong to families from which some member has gone never to return, that special permission was given for those who desired to stay away from the festival; and, accordingly, out of some 900 scholars, only about 200 felt able to take part in it. Our great Universities have sent thousands, too. The educated classes, in short, have done nobly.

It is a moot point how far women are justified in personally urging young men to join the forces. While the Government issue impassioned appeals to women to persuade their individual nearest and dearest—their sons, husbands, lovers—to risk their lives in the country's cause, there is also a constant repetition in the newspapers of absurd stories designed to deter women from indicating any feeling towards those who do not go. A girl is represented, for instance, to have offered a white feather, or an old lady to have murmured a suggestion of shirking, to some apparently hale and fit young stranger of the fighting sex, who crushingly replies by displaying an empty sleeve or a Victoria Cross! It would, perhaps, be as well if women were neither urged, on the one hand, by slangy Government posters to persuade their "best boys" to go, nor, on the contrary, held up to reprobation by newspapers when they make it plain that they do not admire those who shirk. But one thing we surely may do, when we read the record of the sacrifices of health, limbs, life itself, made by our brave young men, to whom all that the world has to offer of interest and enjoyment is still open or even yet untried—we may surely echo to them the praises given to the willing and the brave by the great woman leader of Israel. "My heart," said Deborah, "is towards the governors of Israel that offered themselves willingly amongst the people," and for them she blessed the Lord. But she did not forget in the first instance to praise the Lord also for "the people who willingly offered themselves"—as many of us women nowadays look with admiration and affection on every boy in khaki, even though we would not individually venture to reproach strangers amongst our own countrymen for being still, as Deborah sarcastically put it, "abiding in the sheepfolds to hear the bleatings of the flocks."

But in order that those may at once be recognised and honoured who have already made their great sacrifice, and who are put out of uniform (for such is the Army law) just because it is certain that their injuries must prevent their seeing active service any more—thousands of them already,



AN AFTERNOON DRESS.

This simple frock, for a young girl, is made of silver-grey embroidered mousseline-de-soie, with a coat of lavender-blue taffeta.

alas!—ought there not to be a badge of honour given, so that at a glance we may know who has actually served his nation in the field to his own hurt? The ridiculous tales about the white feather presented by pretty girls to wounded heroes may be mere fabrications; but, all the same, there ought to be no doubt on the subject when a man is no longer in uniform simply because he is a disabled soldier who has already given us his youthful strength. There are dozens of them in Hyde Park every Sunday morning: some, though wounded, are still in khaki, which means that they may become able, and then will be called upon, to return to the front; but many others are there, lamed or otherwise put out of the combat permanently, and therefore in civilian attire. By these, should not a badge of honour, a medal or even a distinctive ribbon, be given, to be worn as a duty? I wish it would please the Queen to ask for this distinction for the brave lads who have given up so much that makes life worth having.

The impending retirement of the head of Girton, Miss Constance Jones, is announced. She has held the position since 1903, being herself an old Girton student who took First Class Honours in the Moral Science Tripos in 1880. Apropos of this announcement, I encountered one of those odd coincidences that abound in life, and that I mention on this occasion because I have met with so many people who are just now extra unhappy from a sense of painful fatality. Events in their private life, happening just before the war, combining with its effects, give them a miserable feeling of being under some malignant star just now, of some adverse fate guiding and overruling their fortunes. It is easily all merely casual coincidence, not any sort of Providential anger or destined working together of events for misfortune. In the watches of the night I was reading a ten-year-old book of memoirs by a Dr. Kerr, and I found this anecdote: A German professor, visiting Cambridge, pool-pooled the whole learning of England, adding, "Why, you have not even a word corresponding to the German 'gelehrter'"—that is, a person whose whole interest in life is his own learning. "Oh, yes, we have," said Professor Henry Sidgwick, with his well-known stammer. "We call them p-p-prigs." Three hours after I put down the book in which I read this, I opened my morning paper and found this self-same anecdote, as told by Miss Jones to an interviewer, with the addition that "there are no prigs at Girton." Nothing turns on the coincidence—except the lesson that coincidences, however odd, often mean nothing at all!

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Letters

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LITERATURE.

Behind the Scenes.

Among the multitude of books to which the war has already given birth a prominent place must be assigned to that of Mr. George Adam, the *Times* correspondent at Paris, whose "Behind the Scenes at the Front" (Chatto and Windus) does not belie its title. Not

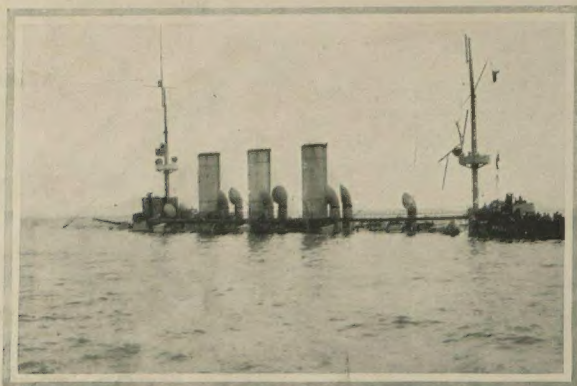
lacking in picturesqueness commensurate with their heroism, causing Mr. Adam to remark: "This northern section of the line is destined to replace the field of Waterloo as the spot of pilgrimage for all Britons. There is much mud there, but still more glory." That may be true of the mud, and even of the glory; but yet Waterloo will for ever continue to be Waterloo as the last, next compact, most picturesque, and most momentous battle of its kind. Wellington's qualities as a martinet helped him to win his victories, but they were nothing to the disciplinary rigour of General Joffre, who has ever been most merciless to slackness and incompetence. "During the retreat from the north" (in the first days of the war) "no less than forty-three general officers were removed from the posts they had occupied in the Battle of Charleroi"; while after the first six months of the war the average of Generals in command

had been reduced by ten years. Some eighty-seven French Generals have been changed since the war began; and if Mr. Adam gives us no corresponding figures for the British side it is probably because there are few or none to give. Certainly his account of our Headquarters Staff, as of all Staff Officer work, is of the most flattering kind, and shows that the British Army is at last equipped with a very capacious

and capable brain. No longer can it be said, as was once said of it in Peninsular times, that the British Army was one of lions led by asses. It used to be thought very bad form by our regimental messes to "talk shop," and now it is deemed equally reprehensible not to do so. "I have met in the field," says Mr. Adam, "Staff Officers of every military grade, drawn from nearly every social rank. They have all one subject in common, and that subject is 'shop.' They talk it from morn till night, and they dream of it from night to morn." As for the men, "they fought like heroes . . . there never has been such fighting, and there

never has been so much comfort—or, at least, so much done to fight discomfort. The British Army is better fed, better equipped, and better off in health and pocket, since the war began, than it has ever been before." All it wants is more shells and more machine-guns, and then we shall see the result.

The valuable and much-wanted "Great Britain to Poland and Galicia Fund," the Hon. Treasurer of which is Mr. Eveleigh Nash, Berkeley Hotel, Piccadilly, W., and the patrons the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Earl of Rosebery, is in urgent need of more donations, its field of benevolent operations having just been enlarged by reopening the centre, or feeding point, at Monastetisko, in Galicia, and starting a new point at Makow, near Przemyśl, where there is sudden and acute want of help. The right of Poland to our aid in this time of devastation and distress is indisputable. Subscriptions should be sent to Mr. Eveleigh Nash, who will send full particulars of the work of the Fund.



NOW REFLOATED AND REPAIRING IN A RUSSIAN DOCKYARD: THE TURKISH CRUISER "MEDJIDIEH," MINED OFF ODESSA.

The Turkish cruiser "Medjidieh," sunk by a Russian mine off Odessa on April 3, has been refloated by the Russians, and is to be repaired. She will form a useful addition to the Black Sea fleet. On being mined, the Captain of the "Medjidieh" apparently lost his coolness, and headed the ship in for land, with the result that the vessel went down in shallow water, as seen in the photograph, where salvage work was easily possible.

only as a warm sympathiser with and admirer of France, but also as representative of our leading journal—which, more especially on the Continent, continues to be regarded as the most authoritative mouthpiece of British opinion, and therefore of British power—Mr. Adam naturally enjoyed quite exceptional facilities for studying his subject from the double point of view of the boulevards and the bulwarks of the Allied lines, and the result is a volume as fascinating as it is informing. He treats us to no detailed descriptions of battles—which, as he rightly says, can only be compiled by the various Army Staffs after the war is over—but he is an adept at the literary art of generalisation, and gives us the cream of the thing, which is, indeed, all we want after our daily dose of skimmed milk from other sources. There was the less reason for his indulging in detailed description, since the battles on our Flanders front were



A TURKISH CRUISER RAISED FOR RUSSIA! ONE OF THE "MEDJIDIEH'S" GUNS BEING BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE DURING THE SALVAGE OPERATIONS. The Russians at Odessa lost no time in availing themselves of the opportunity for making a valuable prize which the sinking of the "Medjidieh" in shallow water, within fifteen miles of the port, offered them. The "Medjidieh's" consorts, among which, on April 3, were the "Goeben" and "Breslau," alarmed at the apparently unexpected disaster, went about at once, and, leaving the doomed vessel to her fate, hurried back into the Bosphorus. The Russians promptly removed the guns and gear, both below and above water, and lightened the hull, whereupon divers stopped the hole made by the mine explosion, and the vessel was pumped clear and floated sufficiently to be towed into dock. Complete repairs, it is stated, can be made satisfactorily within a short time.

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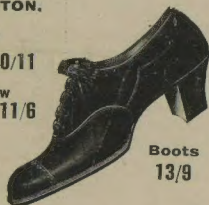
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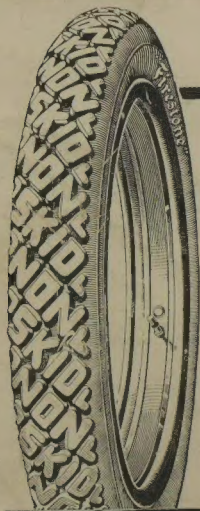
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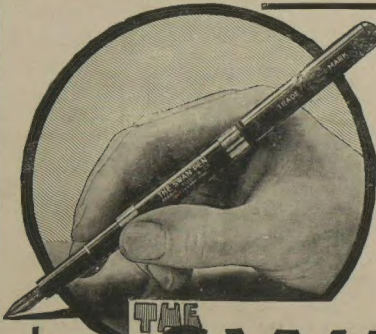
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Light Cars. According to a recent visitor to the United States of America, the light car stands no chance of "making good" in that country, as the price of the Ford is so low that the others cannot compete with it. There some "light" cars are sold under £100, but no one could reasonably expect them either to stand up for long or to be very efficient machines. Well, this is the sort of car that is now being sent over to this country because the motor agent cannot get sufficient British-built cars to sell. I want to warn our motorists to be careful of certain of these new imported American cars selling here at various prices up to £200. Many of these cars cannot be expected to prove very satisfactory to the pleasure motorist.

Swift Roll. And, in the meantime, our British builders of light cars are sending their men to the fighting-line and using their resources to supply them with ammunition. Consequently, their business suffers. But the nation will gain in

honour of their employees who are in the Army and Navy. It is a gorgeous affair, and the portraits of the Royal Family and the Men of the Moment are excellent. I hope it will serve as a reminder to their customers to be patient and await their turn for car deliveries. To give some idea of the value of the import side of this business, for the month of May this year motor-cars to the value of £285,994, chassis to the value of £95,489, parts to the value of £251,571, and tyres amounting to £120,585 came into Great Britain. These amounted to £10,000 more than in the corresponding month a year ago, when peace was reigning throughout the land. Of course, the bulk of these motor imports were of the heavier commercial type of vehicle, yet the pleasure-cars amounted to no mean sum. All this is cash sent away from the country at a time when we want it circulated among our own folk.

Twelve Cylinders. Not content with eight cylinders, one of the high-class American car-factories—the Packard—have now placed on the market a twelve-cylinder vehicle which is to be known as the Packard "twin six," because it has two six V engines with a total capacity of 6914 cc. for its twelve cylinders of 76 mm. bore and 127 mm. stroke. So far, we have not seen this machine in England, and the details come from the New York Automobile.

Packards hitherto have built large but comparatively slow-turning engines for their cars, but, according to the reports, this new twelve is a high-speed motor, and so is fitted with much lighter reciprocating parts. Thus the pistons weigh 17 oz. complete with the rings, and the upper half of the connecting-rod, which is reckoned as a reciprocating mass, weighs 8½ oz. only, making a total of 1 lb. 9½ oz. In the ordinary 38-h.p. six-cylinder Packard each piston weighs 4 lb. 2 oz., so this new car design is on racing lines as compared with the older type. The idea of these multiple-cylinder cars is to get smooth-running, silent engines, and freedom from vibration. Some people think that in time we shall find these eight and twelve cylinder cars able to dispense with the gear-box, because these engines are so flexible. I am inclined to doubt this, as even the experience of the Rolls-Royce with their splendid engine proved that, though three speeds were sufficient for most

circumstances, yet four speed ratios were better under other conditions. There will always be a starting-gear (a low one) so having to fit at least two changes will prevent automobile engineers, wisely, from



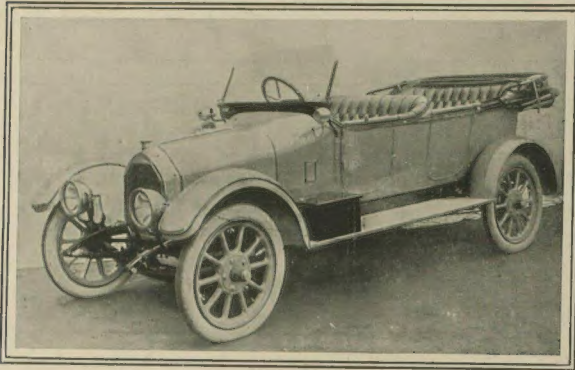
A NOTABLE FEATURE IN SUNBEAM CARS: THE SIMPLE WORKING OF THE ADJUSTABLE FRONT-SEAT CONTROL.

One is enabled to see here at a glance the simplicity of the working of an efficient and popular fitting in the Sunbeam car adjustable front-seat. The lever in the floor makes the seat to slide, and the driver by the action of his body and knees adjusts it backwards or forwards to suit. A range of notches beneath the seat acts as a catch at the right place.

throwing away any device for generally easing their engines under difficult loads. W. W.

The popularity of cider, "the white wine of England," grows persistently, as it is delicious and possesses valuable properties from the physician's point of view. Hereford is famous for cider, nor is this surprising when we learn that Messrs. H. P. Bulmer and Co.'s "Champagne Cider" is made by the champagne process, ensuring a delicious and health-giving beverage of special value to sufferers from gouty or rheumatic tendencies or to threatened obesity. Equal in agreeable qualities to the light and sparkling wines of France, Bulmer's Hereford Cider is only a small fraction of the cost. A price-list of the many varieties should be sent for.

Although Weymouth, in common with all seaside places, will suffer to some extent by the withdrawal of railway excursion facilities, the sea-front is quite as animated as in previous Junes, and people taking their early holidays are finding their way to the Wessex Coast. Weymouth is well out of the war zone, and municipal and private enterprise is providing plenty of amusements, and, altogether, visitors have many inducements to spend their holidays at this favourite Western resort.

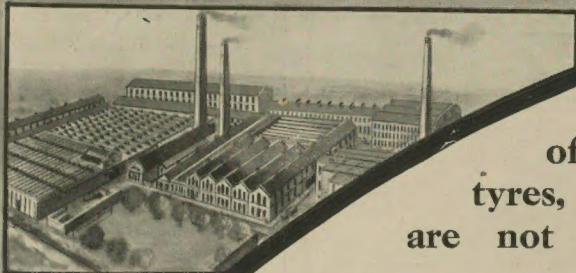


IN KEEPING WITH ITS MAKERS' REPUTATION: A THIS SEASON'S MODEL HUMBER 10-H.P. FOUR-SEATER CAR.

This is one of the Humber Company's most attractive and successful newest-model cars of the present 1915 season. The points of its general turn-out, in regard to smartness and all-round neatness of design, are sufficiently apparent, and the quality of the workmanship goes without saying.

the long run, if such patriotism is not penalised by the public buying American cars in place of waiting until our own builders can supply the car they want. This reminds me that the Swift Company have just issued a highly illuminated and illustrated roll of

and twelve cylinder cars able to dispense with the gear-box, because these engines are so flexible. I am inclined to doubt this, as even the experience of the Rolls-Royce with their splendid engine proved that, though three speeds were sufficient for most



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